

May  
30,  
1930

# Life

Price  
10  
Cents



—And So To Bed



# ACTUALLY♦♦

## THE NEW SIZE DUNLOP DRIVES AS FAR AS THE OLD

"THE new size ball," you say. "Great. I'm for it.  
Only I play for fun. I want a ball with distance."

Dunlop wins again. You can play the new size Dunlop and get distance, too. This new-size Dunlop meets all the official regulations.

It has all the new-size advantages. Gives you better lies. Easier outs from the rough. Surer putting.

And added to that, it has *distance*. Actually, all the distance of the old size ball.

Get this new ball. Set it up on the tee. Smack it down the course. Then you'll know it's the biggest thing since the old Dunlop Maxfli revolutionized the game years ago. At your pro's \$1 each.

*The imported*  
**DUNLOP**

**\$1**

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING



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## Complete

"I have a new system of exercise," remarked J. B. Calumet on Sunday morning.

"What is it now?" asked Mrs. Clara Calumet.

"I will briefly explain. It consists entirely of thinking."

"Thinking! When did you learn that?"

"Don't be nasty. Matter has recently been reduced by science to little things called electrons. Although quite invisible to the naked eye or even microscope, they have extraordinary agility. Some of them group themselves together in masses like football players and make up parts of our bodies; others float about just as they feel like it, but if you direct your mind to them you can bunch them up mentally anyway you like and get them to do the most amazing stunts—work for you. For example, I am now directing my thought up and down my spinal column. Several billions of electrons are obeying my orders. I feel stimulated, rejuvenated. See how my eye brightens!"

"A little brightening won't do it any harm."

"Suppose I wish to flex my biceps. In the old days I would resort to a gymnasium, or tediously raise dumb bells. Now I merely focus my mind on my upper arm."

"What does that do?"

"Makes me stronger all the time. I shall soon be able to raise hundreds of pounds. It gives me the ruddy glow of health noticeable in all vigorous and radiating personalities. It reduces my waist line. I am at peace. I am happy. I feel like singing all the time."

"Nothing disconcerts you."

"Nothing. How can it? If any disturbance arises, I direct my thoughts there. The electrons form in armies, conquer the rebellious region and all's quiet on the Potomac once more."

"You never feel fatigue?"

"Never."

"Good! Here's a bucket, a sponge, and a chamois. Speed out now to the garage and give the car a wash and polish."

J. B. Calumet smiled dreamily as he reached for the Sunday paper.

"I'll just sit and think about it," he said with an illuminating smile.

—Thomas L. Masson.

## Radio Theme Songs

UNITED CHEWING GUM CO.: "Jus Chew."

ACME COLLECTION AGENCY: "You've Got That Thing."

TERRY MCGOVERN'S BOXING GYM: "Blue Eyes."

MORLEY EAR PHONE: "Can't You Understand?"

GRIFFIN'S SHOE DYE: "Shoe Dye?"

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD: "Exactly Like You."

DAILY NEWS: "The Love Parade."

HOOKEM & CROOKEM, BREACH OF PROMISE SPECIALISTS: "Just A Bundle Of Old Loveletters."

BEST'S BABY DEPARTMENT: "Funny, Dear, What Love Can Do."

AL JOLSON, INC.: "On The Sonny Side Of The Street."

NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY: "After You've Gone."

LIFE'S LIBERTY LOAN: "Happy Daze Are Here Again."

—Hal Smith.



## Boots and Bottles

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,  
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,  
D'ye ken his new drink that's won the day—  
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

For breakfast, for a draught from the saddle, or  
when the day's done—youthful in its sparkling fresh-  
ness—exhilarating as a point-to-point race, groomed  
like a royal hunter!

## Crush-Dry

Brilliant in its bottle—more brilliant in the glass. Fresh orange juice from choice tree-ripened fruit, rich in health vitamins, and adroitly blended with a dash of lemon and lime, then livened with a taste of the peel and champagne carbonation.

As different from any other orange drink as a pint of the Widow's is different from ginger ale. With a politician's gift for mixing.



## "Don't Squeeze—Pour!"

Tune in Tuesday evening,  
10:30 N. Y. time—WJZ and  
Associated N.B.C. Stations  
—"Crush-Dry Cronies" with  
"Old Topper."

## ORANGE CRUSH COMPANY

World's Largest Producers  
of Citrus Fruit Drinks  
Ontario, Cal. Chicago  
New York

Town and Country Clubs,  
Hotels, Restaurants, Trains,  
Steamers, and in the Finest  
Ptries Everywhere.



# Why Risk Typhoid?

*20 times more dangerous than lightning!*



© 1930 Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

**W**HEN lightning flashes and thunder roars, timid folk are often frankly scared and even the most stout-hearted are awed. They can see the threatening danger against which they are helpless. Yet most of these very people ignore an unseen danger against which they can protect themselves. It is typhoid fever, and it costs twenty times more lives than lightning.

Typhoid kills one out of every ten attacked. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for two or three years following an attack, the deathrate among them is twice the normal rate. Sometimes typhoid leaves after-effects from which the patient never recovers.

Most cases of typhoid are contracted by people away from home — touring, hiking, camping, traveling. The disease is caused by eating or drinking something contaminated by typhoid germs. Water that tastes delicious and looks crystal clear, or raw milk and uncooked foods may carry the disease. If you swallow enough typhoid germs and are not immunized, typhoid fever is almost certain to develop.

***But you need never have typhoid fever. It is one of the few preventable diseases.***

By means of three simple, painless inoculations — entirely safe and leaving no scar — your doctor can make you immune from typhoid fever for two or more years. The United States Government tests and approves all typhoid vaccine before it reaches physicians.

Before you start on your summer outings in the country, consult your physician as to the advisability of being inoculated. Make sure that typhoid will not claim any member of your family. Metropolitan will mail free, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever". Ask for Booklet 630-F.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



# Life



"My cup runneth over."



"Oh, I hate this part of courtship!"

## Gnomes

Strolling at dusk, as I am wont to do,  
Along some honored street whose stately homes  
And lawns surpassing green 'tis joy to view,  
I sometimes chance to see the queerest gnomes

Suspended in mid-air they seem to be;  
In shapes fantastic and of strange design—  
Yet orderly, in rows—'tis plain to see  
True catenary curves the rows outline.

Half hid behind some trellis, vine or shrub  
They move in silent rhythm to the breeze—  
Then seemingly my too frank gaze to snub  
Stand motionless, like phantoms, 'neath the trees.

Of colors gorgeous and of beauty rare—  
Disheveled rainbows in the pale moonshine,  
Swung low amidst the lilac perfumed air;  
Speak softly! 'Tis the flapper-girls' clothes line.

—Don Stuart.

(4)

## The Derelict

Rose and ochre dawn crept over the little island. Temple bells tinkled softly through the morning air. Grass grew.

Natives were astir. The Derelict knew by the odor which drifted his way that they were astirring a kettle of soup.

Soup meant visitors. Since even the better educated natives could count no higher than two and three-quarters, they had no way of knowing how many visitors were with them. Playing safe, they served soup.

The Derelict seized a porcupine and brushed his remnants of clothing. He walked to the feast hall and entered.

"Jefferson!" screamed a woman. "It's you!"

It was.

Men of his own race, the first he had seen in years, came forward and gripped his hand. Jefferson J. Wally was found at last.

"Here is your orange juice," said the woman. "Drink it, Jefferson."

"I don't believe I want it, Martha," said The Derelict.

"Oh, but you must drink it," smiled the woman.

The Derelict slapped the glass of orange juice from her hand. He turned and bounded into the jungle.

Natives sped in pursuit. Throughout the day they returned bringing abras, beebras, ceebras and so on down to zebras. None was The Derelict.

As night fell the hunt was called off. The visitors went aboard ship and set sail. Weeks later, newspapers in the United States told of the failure of the expedition, which had set forth to capture the only remaining American who would refuse orange juice for breakfast.

—Tom Sims.



OFFICER: I wonder if you have any hootch aboard?

BOOTLEGGER: That's MY BUSINESS!



*The man who gave the public what it wanted.*

### Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Lord George Sanger amused thousands of people some years ago by introducing into his circus an oyster that smoked a pipe. This would not have been amusing but for the fact that oysters do not, as a rule, smoke.

—Robert Lynd.

Irishmen fight through necessity and not through choice.

—Secretary of War Hurley.

What New York thinks is tremendously important.

—Ethel Barrymore.

The longer one stays in a cage, the less cagey one is.

—William Lyon Phelps.

Man is woman's last domestic animal.

—Will Durant.

The most beautiful sight in the world, and one of the rarest these days, is a woman doing up her back hair.

—Lee Simonson.

Romance has a commanding appeal to the human heart.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

Instinct and intuition are always right.

—Benjamin DeCasseres.



*He went down to the river to end it all because she wouldn't marry a lazy fisherman.*

### There Ought To Be A Law

If chance should ever smile her best  
on me  
And smiling sweetly show me I was  
free  
To pass what laws I wanted; I  
would do  
My best to put these regulations thru:

Folks who give you a great big box  
For cigarettes, I've willed;  
Promptly would get the whipping  
stocks  
Unless they kept them filled.

Ash trays couldn't be made at all  
In any tiny size;  
Makers of those I thought too small  
Would sacrifice their eyes.

Those who phone you and say, "Guess  
who!"  
In masses I'd have strung  
High on wires for all to view;  
Each hanging by his tongue.

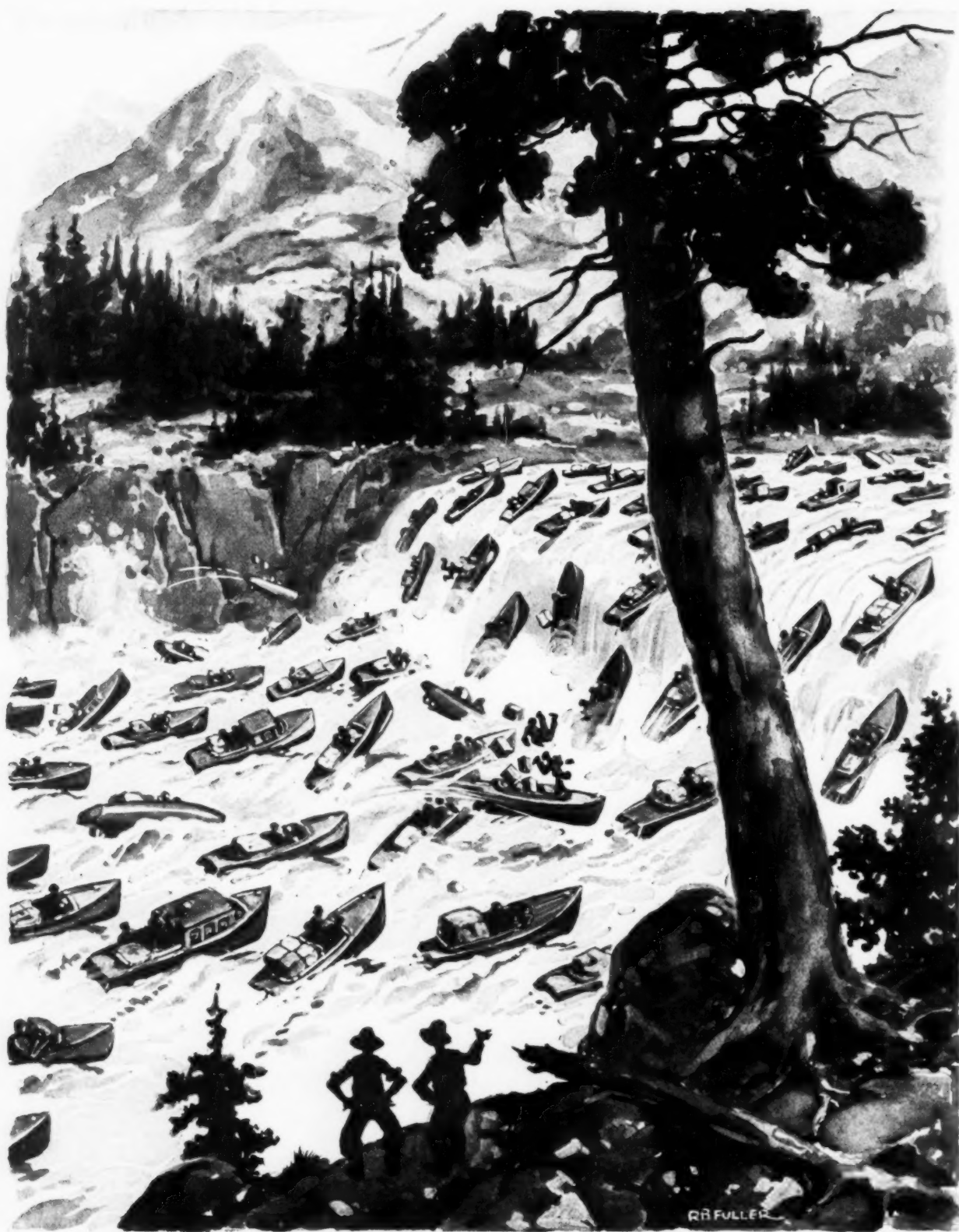
Men who announce upon the air  
And giggle at their jokes,  
I'd hitch to plows; and pulling there  
Make giggle in their yokes.

I've mentioned only four of all the  
laws

I'd pass before I started picking flaws  
In those we have today, then I'd have  
sealed

A law to make all present laws  
repealed. —Carroll Carroll.





NEWS REEL.  
*Rum runners ascending the Columbia River to spawn.*  
(6)

# Here They Are

by Tom Sims



**A**MOS 'n' Andy have done their fifteen minutes and are leaving the studio. Since all are on the hookup, the fact that Amos 'n' Andy broadcast from Chicago and Floyd Gibbons broadcasts from New York and Will Rogers broadcasts from California is of no consequence. Here they are:

"Lissen here, Amos, you see dem two mens over dere talkin'? Look at de one chewin' gum. Ain't he Mister Will Roberts?"

"I don't know no Mister Will Roberts, Andy."

"Does you know de one wid de patch over his eye? Look at him."

"Seem like I does. Ain't he Mister Floyd Gibson?"

"Check and double check. Dat's Mister Floyd Gibson."

"Well I be doggone. He sho is sumpin', ain't he, Andy?"

"Sho! Sho! Mister Gibson is a big business man like I is. An' dat other man, he looks like another big business man. He look like Mister Will Roberts. I'se goin' get us a re-renderuction."

"A re-renderuction?"

"Sho! I'se goin' get Mister Gibson to produce us to Mister Roberts."

"Um-m um!"

"Hello dere, Mister Gibson. Dis here is Andy, and dere's Amos."

"Hellothereboyshowareyou?"

"We'se jus' fine, Mister Gibson."

"BillthisisAmosnAndy."

"Well, I dident know you two birds at first."

"AmosnAndythisisWillRogers."

"We'se pleased to make yo' requaintance, Mister Rogers."

"Imustgooutandbagaflockofnewsitems. Goodbyeafarewellsolong."

"Where Mister Gibson, Andy?"

He right here an' I lookin' at him, an' den all at once he gone!"

"Shut yo' mouf, Amos. He lef in a hurry, dat's all. You see, he's a big business man, an' he go off to 'ten to a propolition."

"Well, so you two birds are Amos 'n' Andy? Well, of course now I'm just a democrat and it don't matter what a democrat thinks. I really believe that if a democrat ever did think—well, then he wouldn't be a democrat. He would be a republican, like Coolidge. But I'll tell you the truth, I really do think you two boys are gettin' away with it great on the radio. You know, you really are wonderful."

"Sho! Sho!"

"You ain't so bad yo'self, Mister Rogers."

"Shut up, Amos."

"Awah, awah—"

"Don't pay no retention to him, Mister Rogers. He jus' de driver of de taxicab. I'se de president of de company."

"Well, you know, us democrats has got to stick together. Now, you know, I'm just a small town boy from Oklahoma, but I get about a little and see

things and, you know, I've been wantin' to meet you two birds. I think you are the best comedians in the business, except Coolidge."

"Two off ten net sixty."

"I think you is de best in de business, Mister Rogers."

"Shut yo' mouf, Amos."

"Now, lissen here, Andy. When I'se talkin' to Mister Rogers you keep out of it. An' if you don' keep out of it, I tell you what I'se gonna do. I'se gonna make you pay me dat fo'bits you owes me."

"Amos, you knows I ain't got no fo'bits."

"Yes, you is, too. Tell me dis, Andy. What did you do wid yo' part of de \$2000 de National Broadcastin' Company pay us for broadcastin' last week?"

"Well, you know, you two birds

shouldent argue like this. Us democrats mustn't argue among ourselves because there ain't enough of us for a good argument. I'm just an old home town boy myself, tryin' to get along in the city. Now, if I want to argue with somebody I always take along a republican. That's what I do."

"Dat jus' Amos, Mister Rogers. He don't know no better. Big business mens like me an' you, Mister Rogers, we ain't got no time to argue."

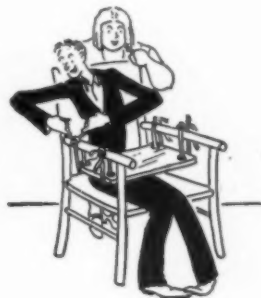
"How much does you get for broadcastin', Mister Rogers?"

"Well, you know, Amos, I'm a democrat. Now, I'm a democrat so I don't get but \$5000 a night for my broadcasting."

"Um-m um! Jus' \$5000 a night?"

"Well, how much do you two birds get?"

"Oh, us gets more'n you does, Mister Rogers. Us couldn't reford to broadcast for jus' \$5000 a night. Us gets \$100,000 a year!"





# Life Looks About

One of the largest of all objects is that cinder that looms up just before you wink too late.

Peggy Joyce and Joan Lowell ought to get together and have someone collaborate on a book.

The Senate has reduced the tariff on cement. Dry investigators have shown that no protection is needed to keep up the price of Concrete Examples.

When a gentle summer breeze disturbs the papers on your desk the ideal paperweight is a pair of shoes with your feet inside.

Romance, they say, is coming back. And like the war, will probably catch us in a pitiful state of unpreparedness.

Scientists have analyzed music and now tell us that great singers never hit their notes just right. If this news is noised about, thousands of radio performers are going to wake up and find themselves famous.

There's a circus elephant that can stand right up in the air supported by only two bottles. But after that, according to dry investigators, he goes right on home and beats up the little wife.

The W. C. T. U. has sent ladies into Turkey to remove the veil of alcohol from that benighted land. We are absolutely not responsible for the suggestion that these ladies enter upon their work disguised as Armenians.

German talkies are made at a small town near Berlin, the name of which has that absolute relevancy which leaves one utterly mute. It is *Babelsburg*.

Not that our congressman's a drowning man, but if he's wise he'll grasp at a certain straw vote.

Nothing is more boresome than listening to a guest tell about playing out of a trap on the fourth hole while you are waiting to tell about that thirty foot putt on the sixteenth.

There are those who believe that mathematics can explain anything. Can they explain why it's too expensive for the country man to live in the city, and too expensive for the city man to live in the country?

There's more to running a drug store than you would think. For instance, it's not good business to place the weighing machine too near the lunch counter.



Peace among the Chicago gangsters comes as a wholly unexpected calamity. Al Capone must have seen an open roadster that he liked.



When the number of hit-run drivers gets too serious, we're going to start an agitation for license plates made like rubber stamps. Then you could get up at your leisure and ask the nearest spectator to read off the number.

One place where it's impossible to find out which side your bread is buttered on is at a drug store lunch counter.

The ingenuity of detective novels has not yet reached the final point. The public is eagerly awaiting the story which proves that the reader is the murderer.

And we're going to ask Spalding to get out a handbook on how to get hit, and where. A large area, preferably of white flannel, will be desirable for best results.



Assert your rights as a pedestrian by calmly walking across the street without looking. The autos will dodge you. Some of them will, anyway.

A fellow was lucky to get out of New York's city hall the other day with only minor cuts and bruises. After Jimmie Walker had gone to Bermuda for his health, this man said something about the old gay mayor ain't what he used to be.

When you are dragged into a quartet, sing bass. This may be done with complete success by lowering the chin, raising the eyes, and uttering low sounds from time to time.

## Prohibition Notes

Many people who don't drink keep a little around the house, just in case of Saturday night.

After prohibition the greatest problem will be what to do with the old flasks.





EDWINA

SINBAD  
*Either come in or stay out!*  
 (9)

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by  
Baird  
Leonard

MAY 7—The day so bright and fair that when my chaise-longue was moved to the river windows before breakfast, I was obliged to don beach spectacles to scan the journals, which did tell of the tailor whose shop was yesterday wrecked by a bull, and I wondered what the insurance men would say to him, recalling how they wrote me, at the time a dog chewed my sables to bits, feigning ignorance of any policy covering the loss in question, stating they would have been prompt with a cheque had my neckpiece gone down on a ship at sea, etc. Then Nurse Richardson did read the cards for me, my fortune proving fair enough, albeit the attainment of my wish did turn out to depend, as usual, considerably upon my own efforts, which is not the sort of boon I crave when I resort to necromancy, preferring one which slips from

the lap of some god sitting in a clear blue sky. My luncheon on a tray, as enticing as though an artist for billboard advertising had painted it, but I could manage nought save one bite of salmon and a spoonful of tomato aspic, nor was I sorry, neither, having lost seventeen pounds in eight days, and well do I know the night will come all too soon when I shall be chatting bravely through my tears with some staid dinner partner whilst the mousse goes marching by. The afternoon gone over "Gallows Orchard" by Claire Spencer, of whose acquaintance I am now prouder than ever, for the force and beauty of her style did hold me so tense that at one high point in the tale I did suck the filling from one of my molars. A piece of literary criticism which, however un-aesthetic, is not without poignancy.

MAY 8—Forced by Nurse Richardson to promenade about my flat, I did mark sadly, as I gazed out upon the town, that the entire neighborhood will probably be developed before I

have so much as finished the foliage on my needlepoint work.

MAY 9—Reading all day in a biography of Hetty Green, fascinating to a woman like myself who should not be taken into a shop without blinkers, and after learning Mistress Green's constant fear of the tax-assessing goblins, my bills at Stern's and Bloomingdale's do not seem such terrible matters at all, and methinks as soon as I am able to go out I shall buy that brocade I am set on, come what may. Sam home betimes with some cronies, and we fell a-talking of the vagueness of our erudition, Sam confiding that he cannot even be certain whether Lucifer fell from Heaven or was pushed, causing Bob Banning to remark that the best bit of real estate propaganda in the language should emanate from a man who had left the tract so summarily, and I could not but remind him that Beelzebub was only announcing, the continuity having been written by John Milton.



"When Mr. Sizzle sat down in the easy chair that wasn't there, he got right up and gave it a good kick!"



MONSTER!



GARDNER  
REA

*A writer of popular songs passes on.*



# Life at Home

NEW YORK—Dr. Eugene Lyman Fiske of the Life Extension Institute has discovered that the people in the United States are 1.75 pounds too heavy on the average. This means a gross excess weight of 100,000 tons.

ZION CITY, Ill.—“It is impossible,” maintained Wilbur Glenn Voliva, cult head, as he viewed the eclipse of the sun. “It is not true, inasmuch as the earth is flat, and the moon has nothing to do with it.”

LOS ANGELES—The Grand Canyon has come between Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence E. Dodge.

“During the four years of our married life, preceding his visit to Arizona,” Mrs. Dodge told the court here yesterday, “my husband, who is a photographer, said I was his inspiration and showed me great affection. After viewing the Grand Canyon he said it was much more inspiring and left me.”

The court granted her a divorce.

CHICAGO—Miss Eva Martinez shot Fred K. Petmezaz, hotel owner, in the abdomen, March 28. The bullet, physicians said, saved his life.

In the hospital after the shooting doctors found that within an hour or two Petmezaz’ appendix would have burst and possibly caused his death.

LOAMI, Ill.—A set of teeth carved from an old hickory plank forms the basis of W. H. Workman’s masticating activities, it was revealed here.

Workman, 68 years old and a life-long resident of Loami, carved the set himself five years ago and since then the wooden teeth have given him perfect satisfaction, he said. He soaks them in olive oil for 24 hours once a month and thereby keeps them in excellent condition.

He recently was offered \$80 for the set by a dental society, but Workman refused on the ground that he was too busy to carve himself another assortment.

DWIGHT, Ill.—If prohibition has cut down the amount of heavy drinking in America, the news hasn’t reached the Keeley Institute here. It is doing such a big business that the one building it now occupies is to be replaced by three new ones just as soon as they can be made ready. Last year the Institute had more liquor cases than in any other year except 1894.

## And Abroad

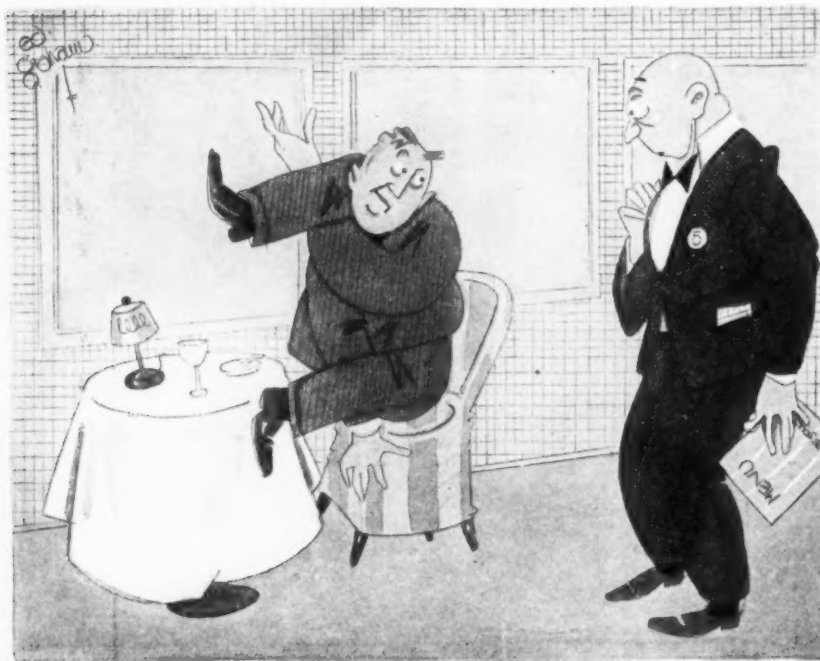
STAMBOUL, Turkey—Officially there are three kinds of drunks here. The police classify them as drunkards who carry firearms or knives, persons who have the habit of drinking every day, and persons of education who behave politely even in a state of inebriety.

LONDON—Sir William Wayland, M. P., denied that roast beef had built up Great Britain. “It was beer that built up our nation,” he thundered in the House of Commons.

PARIS—Nelson Morris, Chicago millionaire, won a suit to prevent his French actress wife from appearing on the stage. The court rejected the defense plea that they had married in the United States, where a wife does not have to obey her husband. The ruling was that persons residing in France must conform to the legal principle that the husband is boss.

APIA, Samoa—Constable Bennett shot and seriously wounded a native youth named Siau. The constable apologized handsomely, explaining it was all an accident, as he was merely testing his aim, and “didn’t think he could hit him.”

LONDON—About 40 years ago, L. Foster, of Tebworth, Beds, bought a coffin for himself. He kept it under his bed because he thought he was going to die of quinsy. But he recovered and as he has enjoyed good health ever since, he recently sold the coffin and made a good profit on it.



CONTORTIONIST: *I'll be all right in a moment, just a touch of indigestion!*

## A Pain in the Neck

You meet a girl—a glorious girl . . .  
A gorgeous, gay, uproarious girl!

A girl whose merest, sheerest glance  
Enraptures—captures—stuns you!  
You stare amazed and dazed and  
dumb . . .

You ask to call—she lets you come . . .  
You walk and talk as in a trance  
Till ev'rybody shuns you.

You give up golf . . . you swear off  
gin . . .

Abjure each vice . . . renounce all  
sin . . .

Spurn other girls . . . your past de-  
plore . . .

Re-make yourself to suit her.  
All this to prove your noble worth!  
And is she thrilled? Control your  
mirth!

She's bored to tears! And (Wait—  
there's more . . . )

They hang you if you shoot her!  
—C. Wiles Hallock.

## The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

Your mother and I are so glad you  
are going to spend the summer with us.  
She would reply to your note herself  
but the doctor has ordered a complete  
rest until the day you and your children  
arrive.

You say your husband is objecting to  
your leaving for three months. I advise  
you not to fret about this. If you get  
to worrying about it and decide not to  
come home he'll be terribly disap-  
pointed.

This is the first summer since we've  
been married that your mother and I  
haven't had children to keep us from  
going away and having a good time;  
but nothing we could think of doing  
would be as much pleasure as taking  
care of little Egbert and Cecil, espe-  
cially with Cecil teething.

I hope what I have said about your  
husband's objections will not cause you  
to change your mind, but if you should  
decide not to come I wish you wouldn't  
wait to write but would wire me at  
once, collect. Then I'll telegraph you  
the price of a nice little vacation at the  
seashore for you and your family.  
What do you say? But I do hope you  
can be with us.

Your Affectionate Father,  
McCready Huston.



"Po'tahl!"

## How to Get a Rabbit Out of its Hole

Tell rabbit, if male, hole is in bad  
business location. If female, hole is  
not smart. Rabbit will emerge.

Flatter rabbit. Say it has coat of  
Hudson Seal. Rabbit will be im-  
pressed. Will want to show off fur.  
Will come out in style. Parade down  
avenue.

Read *American Mercury* to rabbit.  
Rabbit will listen. Will become intel-  
lectual. Decide to express self. Feel  
cramped in country hole. Go to big  
city. Live in kitchenette apartment.

Induce undesirable animals to inhabit  
hole with rabbit. Rabbit will be mor-  
tified. Social prestige of rabbit at  
stake. Rabbit will move.

Introduce bad companions to rabbit.  
Rabbit will associate with same. Will  
be led astray. Become wild rabbit. Go  
out every night. —W. W. Scott.



"What size?"

"No size! Joost-a beeg!"



"Doggonel I guess those weren't the bath salts!"

You can go to bed and leave your wife up with the radio and never be disturbed, because she'll always tune in on a crooner or a whispering baritone.

Some telephone company should merge with a frigidaire manufacturer and produce a comfortable, hot-weather 'phone booth.

What an anti-climax to enter one of those elaborately colored modern bathrooms and find there's no hot water.

When the millennium comes the lion will lie down with the lamb, and the hair will lie down without grease.

The repeal of prohibition will be welcomed by almost everybody except bootleggers and window shade dealers.



## Torrid Day Fatal!

If You Die On A Hot Day, You Die Of The Heat.

New York, N. Y.—The hottest four minutes to four of a May 30th afternoon on record took grim toll yesterday of numerous citizens of Greater New York and other cities on the Atlantic seaboard. Five deaths and three prostrations were attributed to the intense heat.

### The Dead

Irving T. Wysowski of No. 1001½ Grand street, the Bronx—Shot by gangsters who were bothered by the heat.

W. W. Wilkins of No. 1221 Wilkins street, the Bronx—Run over on Fifth Avenue while fanning self with hat.

Mrs. Wilhem Z. Wildfeur of No. 864 1/6 Pebble Avenue, the Bronx—Died of old age brought on by the heat.

Harold X. Filbert, M. D., D. D. S., of No. 909 West Ninth street—Died two years ago, but brought in to make news.

### The Prostrated

Patrick T. Malony of No. 1 West First street, Brooklyn—Prostrated by hot flatiron.

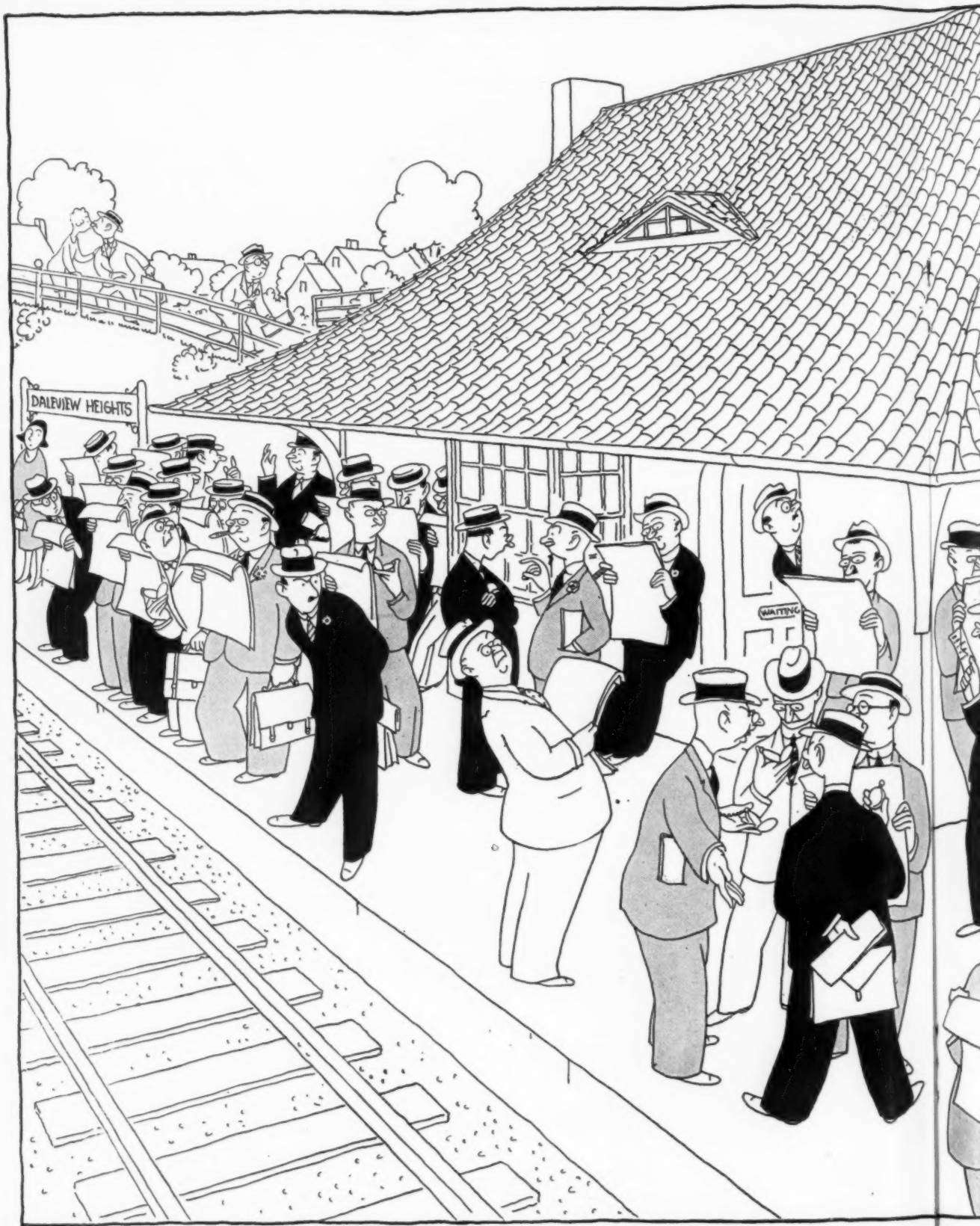
Arthur M. Coots Inc. of Jersey City, New Jersey—Prostrated while drinking beer.

Relief is expected tomorrow from everything but this kind of reporting.  
—W. W. Scott.





AN UNSUNG HERO IN THE HISTORY OF SPORT.  
GUS PLODOPLUD (*who threw in the ball for the first game of polo*): Now  
boys, let's have some action!





GWYLS  
WILLIAMS



# Theatre • by Ralph Barton

THE decline and fall of the United States is progressing quite nicely in all departments. Each step downward is taken according to schedule and it all checks perfectly with Imperial Rome. We are puffed and rich and flashy, and the rest of the world lies awake nights to envy us with a base and bitter envy. We giggle at our own corruption, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Presently, hordes of Esquimaux will swoop down on us from the North, find us too fat to fight, sack each Middlesex village and farm, and there will be that.

In the meantime, the theatre is keeping pace with the general toboggan. The native poetic and literary drama is giving way to mere spectacle. No more are there such fine and beautiful things in our theatre as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Shore Acres." Today we have shows. Two hundred painted chorus girls replace the lyric beauty of "East Lynne." Tomorrow will see Amos and Andy, armed with net and trident, set upon each other to the death in Madison Square Garden. It is too awful to think about.

There persist, it is true, a few stalwart defenders of the traditions of the glorious past. The Old Masters, such as Mark Twain and Bill Nye, still inspire a thinning line of brave souls. A good many plays are produced in the Spring that are built faithfully on the classic Twain-Nye formula: "I am a fool, and all my characters are fools, and you, sweet paying public, are thereby made to feel vastly superior before the general foolishness of what I have to offer you."

Of course, this formula doesn't work any more—the classic period in American civilization is so long since gone—but authors and producers have a way of not quite knowing about these matters. For some crazy reason, the paying public seems not to want to feel superior these days but would rather sit before something really good, like "Street Scene," or "Strictly Dishonorable," or "The Green Pastures," or before something subtle, like "Berkeley Square," or "Topaze," or before plays that leave them in anything but a comfortable and buttered-up mood, like "Journey's End," or "The Last Mile." At any rate, such plays make the money today while the trashy little pieces that "play down to what the

public wants" in the classic tradition die the death and are hauled off to the storehouse as soon as the movie rights are secured.

"Ada Beats the Drum" is an excellent illustration of the sort of thing that plays all the way down to the point where there isn't any public at all. We are shown an American mamma, an American papa and their American daughter—just plain folks from out West—settled in a sublet villa in Biarritz, or thereabouts, with the object of soaking up as much European culture and refinement as they can soak up before the first of October. Papa embarrasses mamma by drinking Coca-Cola instead of apéritifs and by showing in other ways that he is crude,



*Playing down to the public.*

coarse person. And daughter embarrasses mamma by not being able to speak French fluently and by not marrying a foreign nobleman. And mamma embarrasses herself by not getting the hang of the thing at all.

Then the stage is suddenly overrun by a band of foreigners—the very thing that mamma has been trying to meet and rub against—and, lo, they are every bit as common and vulgar as home-folks! Commoner! They may be artistic and they may wear berets and Windsor ties and velveteen jackets, and all, and they may kiss your hand and say pretty things to you, but they sit around and drink and holler and think about money something scandalous. Daughter selects herself the drummer

in the Casino's jazz-band, who came from Illinois and a mighty good thing it was for her in the long run, too, because all the Americans are rough diamonds and the foreigners are all wolves in sheep's clothing. And, furthermore, who could ever learn to drink tea and really like it?

This page is in possession of documents proving that all this was presented in a New York theatre in the month of May, 1930. Long live the decline and fall.

GOLD BRAID" is an illustration of something else again—something even more pathetic. The keel of this opus is laid down several hundred fathoms below anything conceivable in the art of the drama and makes a heartbreaking effort to play up to what the public wants.

A bugle sounds and the curtain rises on a wicked Moro who is hanging about Camp Malabang in the Philippine Islands uttering lustful desires about the Major's pretty wife. Abdul loave ze Senora and when Abdul loave he gat what he want or he—keel. Ze Senora no loave ze Major—nah! nah!—ze Senora loave Senor Julio Cortez. Ze Major is fool—he no geeve hees beautiful wife pin money. He fool like all ze Americanos. Senor Cortez, he fool, too. Abdul can wait. Abdul gat what he want. You see.

Tom-toms beat off-stage—well, they went big in "Emperor Jones" didn't they?—to signify restlessness among the natives, and sounds like those emitted by the E-string of a double-bass rise from the auditorium to signify that some happy members of the audience are in Dreamland.

BLANCHE YURKA, to break the monotony of all these little plays that wither in the Spring, is appearing in "The Vikings," which is Ibsen's early play generally known as "The Vikings at Helgeland." In a letter written by Ibsen to Peter Hansen in 1870, Ibsen explained that "The Vikings at Helgeland" I wrote whilst I was engaged to be married." Personally, I have an unalterable preference for those of his plays that he wrote later on when he was in a better position to concentrate on his work.





RUSSIA AND NORWAY ON BROADWAY.

Osgood Perkins in Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya" and Blanche Yurka in Ibsen's "The Vikings."

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "The Divorcée"

**D**UE to the edict of Will Hays this film could not be shown under the title of "Ex-Wife," the novel on which it is based. The book, as you probably know, is one of those pieces of literature written in a sophisticated manner for people who seek the unusual in fiction—"unusual" meaning unusually frank treatment of that ever present problem: "Sex—Its Care and Prevention."

In discussing the book we have heard a number of people express particular interest in those chapters devoted to the description of the love affairs promoted by the ex-wife during which she travelled from pillow to post in an effort to forget her former husband. Some who read the book considered that the authoress was confessing. Others thought she was bragging. All of this description is covered in the film by a series of flashes which show only the hands of the divorcée and her paramour of the moment accompanied by a few aggressive remarks from the lover to which the ex-wife makes evasive replies. This treatment no doubt makes it possible for Mr. Hays to smirk smugly and assure his conscience that the morons for whom his guardianship is intended will think that the nice gentleman is giving the pretty lady the six-carat stone because she has been such a good little girl. Or maybe Will aims to make Hollywood not only moral, but evangelical—saving literature's lost souls like this.

Despite the limitations imposed on the cast by what we are pleased to call public morality, Norma Shearer and Chester Morris manage to make themselves pretty plain at times. The point of the book, however, is entirely lost in the frantic efforts of the producers to subdue the ever growing menace of sex and end the picture in one of Hollywood's illogical reconciliations.

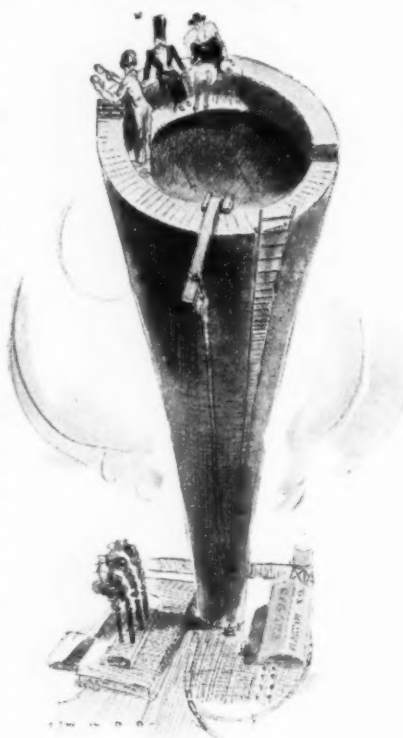
Miss Shearer gives a fine performance in the title rôle and receives excellent support from Mr. Morris as the husband, Robert Montgomery as the playboy with whom she enjoys her first false step, and Conrad Nagel as the man she refuses to take from his wife.

Good adult entertainment—but check Junior with one of the neighbors for the evening.

## "The King Of Jazz"

**A**NY comment that is made on this film will be wasted on the average movie patron because he has probably decided to hear Paul Whiteman and his band regardless of what the critics say. So this critic will merely state that the film has all the usual noisy entertainment offered in musical revue pictures, plus the presence of the Whiteman organization.

The one event we had looked forward to was the rendition of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue." The



"I'm gonna take a correspondence course in philosophy, Mr. Peebles—ya can't get no-where in this business."

result is not satisfactory due to the inaccurate recording of the high notes, a circumstance particularly noticeable in Whiteman's orchestrations, as his most dramatic effects are achieved through the efforts of trumpet players who can blast out a high C that gives you goose bumps. These silvery blasts develop into a quivering blur as they emerge from the talkie machinery, and the inability to faithfully present the higher notes is also noticeable in the work of the singers.

Other than these objections, which may be considered a bit pickish, the film offers spectacular scenic effects, some slick dance routines by the Russell Markert girls and a couple of unusually good tunes. Jeanette Loff and Stanley Smith seem to be featured beyond justification and the much heralded French dancing team, The Sisters G, must have personality or something that does not register in this picture.

The film is well directed by John Murray Anderson, who was drafted from Broadway to do the job.

## "The Devil's Holiday"

**N**ANCY CARROLL behaves more like a first-class actress in this picture than in any other in which we have seen her—and this despite the fact that the story is none too good. In the past she has been getting by very neatly due to her physical assets of which, Lord knows, she has plenty. In this picture she not only emotes with conviction but delivers her lines with a natural carelessness that indicates hours of hard study. This young lady unquestionably deserves her success.

Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed the piece, has cast Nancy as a manicurist who preserves all of her girlish virtues while extracting large hunks of money from impressionable males. The idea may influence a lot of young ladies into taking up the gentle art of cuticle pushing. Miss Carroll's charm, aided by an excellent supporting cast, makes the film good medicine until she decides to marry a young man just to revenge an insult by his older brother. The consequences result in scenes of hysteria that are overdone and spoil an otherwise good entertainment.

Featured with Miss Carroll are James Kirkwood, Paul Lukas, Hobart Bosworth, Phillips Holmes and Ned Sparks, all of whom perform commendably. Miss Zasu Pitts also appears in a brief scene as a telephone operator. Zasu is getting to be so popular that they are afraid to show more than a glimpse of her for fear she will walk off with the show.

Ardent Carroll fans will find "The Devil's Holiday" very interesting. Others will enjoy the first part and be bored stiff in the closing chapters.



## Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *tutors* with an *i* and get a travelling man.
- (2) Scramble *storm* with an *o* and get something every motorist needs.
- (3) Scramble *patches* with an *r* and get something to read.
- (4) Scramble *piper* with a *g* and get something you don't want to get.

- (5) Scramble *seceded* with an *a* and get what pedestrians become.
- (6) Scramble *trawls* with an *e* and get a good spender.
- (7) Scramble *glued* with an *e* and get water, water everywhere.
- (8) Scramble *novels* with a *t* and get what every novelist would like to be.
- (9) Scramble *tears* with an *r* and get something that might land you in jail.
- (10) Scramble *stature* with a *q* and get some noisy people.

(Answers on Page 27)

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## Getting By On A Technicality

When taking a particular young lady to the theatre for the first time, etiquette demands orchestra seats, front and centre. Here's the out.

Buy balcony seats. When the doorman says, "Stairway to your left," reply, "What do you mean, stairway? I bought downstairs seats!" Be very indignant. You will be shown, politely, that you're sitting upstairs.

Etiquette forbids your young lady saying anything as you ascend the stairs. Nothing in the world could keep her from thinking certain things.

When you are seated and she has thrown off her wrap, say with much determination, "Now! I'll see about this! I've never been so embarrassed in my life. You just stay here for a few minutes and I'll go down and change these seats. I'll demand satisfaction! I'll raise hell!"

Thus you immediately become a misjudged man. Your particular young lady says, "Oh, don't be silly. These seats are all right. They're sort of fun."

Be determined. Leave her. Go downstairs. Take a brisk walk around the block. Manage to miss a bit of the first act. Return dejected. Sit down and say angrily, "Sold out! You should have heard what I told that treasurer. He said there was one chance in a hundred some decent seats might be returned. I left our location with him. If any good seats come back, an usher will notify us."

During the first act keep turning, looking for the usher. When, after the second intermission, nothing has happened, observe, "Well, you must think I'm a fine guy, getting seats like these."

In this way you commit no breach of etiquette, since you are taking this particular young lady to the theatre for the last time.

—Carroll Carroll.



Angel's-eye pre-view of the situation.

# Willingdrift

by Eric Hatch

## Trouper

**W**ILLINGDRIFT wouldn't have gone out if he could have borne to stay in. But he couldn't. Ever since the young Smiths had gone and the old Smiths had separated and the house had become divided against itself, his loneliness had grown upon him. Alone in the great house, except for the cook and upstairs maid, he found himself hearing things; kid voices in the halls—the hurrying of happy feet on the stairs, echoes of games and red hot family squabbles that were no more. And it was June.

So he bought himself a ticket to a theatre where a very young actress was being starred in a comedy and another actress who really had been very young once, though no one cared about that now, was playing a mother part.

On rare occasions during the fifteen years he'd butted for the Smiths, he'd gone to the play and sat hidden away in the top balcony. Tonight he sat in the front row and the actress who played the mother part, after forgetting her first three lines when she saw him there, ran away with the show.

Willingdrift went back stage after the final curtain. Because he was quite elegant in his full dress and gave the doorman five dollars instead of the customary hopeful smile of the current gentry, he was shown to her dressing room. When he knocked on the door and stood waiting for her answer, his face was far more of a gravity mask than it had ever been at even the swellest Smith dinners he'd presided over. Then the door opened and he went inside.

The actress who had once been very young stood up as he came in. They looked at one another in silence for a time, as though their minds were traveling a long road. Then, almost as though she were still on the boards in her ludicrous part, she held out her hand.

"John Mason, after all these years!"

Willingdrift darted a quick look over his shoulder and said, "Ssh, my dear." Then he took her hand and leaning over quickly toward her said, "I can't stay here. Where will you meet me, Suzanne—in half an hour?"

"Of course," she said. "I forgot." She thought quickly. "Child's?" She glanced at his clothes. "Or Duveen's?"

Willingdrift nodded.

"I'll wait there," he said and hurried from the theatre, his face clouded in the gloom of a man who thinks he has forgotten all about something and then finds he hasn't.

He waited for her in Duveen's foyer and when she came he led her to the best table in the room. With a smile she saw there was a bucket of champagne beside it. They sat down.

"What do I call you, John?"

"Willingdrift. Do you mind?"

Suzanne looked at him curiously.

"Willing—drift," she said half aloud. "Willingdrift."

She continued to look at him curiously while the waiter served them, repeating his name over and over again as if she were trying to remember something.

Then suddenly she smiled, fluffed her hair and holding an imaginary lorgnette before her eyes, said, "Go then, Willingdrift, fetch the chaise and await me. We will flee this night!"

And with a queer smile, he answered.

"My lady, thou knowest I cannot say nay, but I fear his lordship."

"'Bother his lordship, we'll have the best horses!'"

He took her hand and with strange grace raised it to his lips and bowed.

"'All I wanted was thy divine assurance—about the horses!'"

Then they both laughed and he continued to hold the hand she had given him. He raised his glass.

"That was our last part together, remember?"

"To the memory!" said Suzanne, and drank. She laughed again. "My, what a wonderful butler you were!" she said. "I never blamed her Ladyship for eloping with you."

"I suspected you didn't," said Willingdrift.

In confusion Suzanne changed the subject. She said, "Who was it played the husband? It's so long ago now I don't remember."

Willingdrift started.

"You don't remember?"

"Was it Guy?" she said. "Or was it poor Freddie?"

"It was Freddie," said Willingdrift,

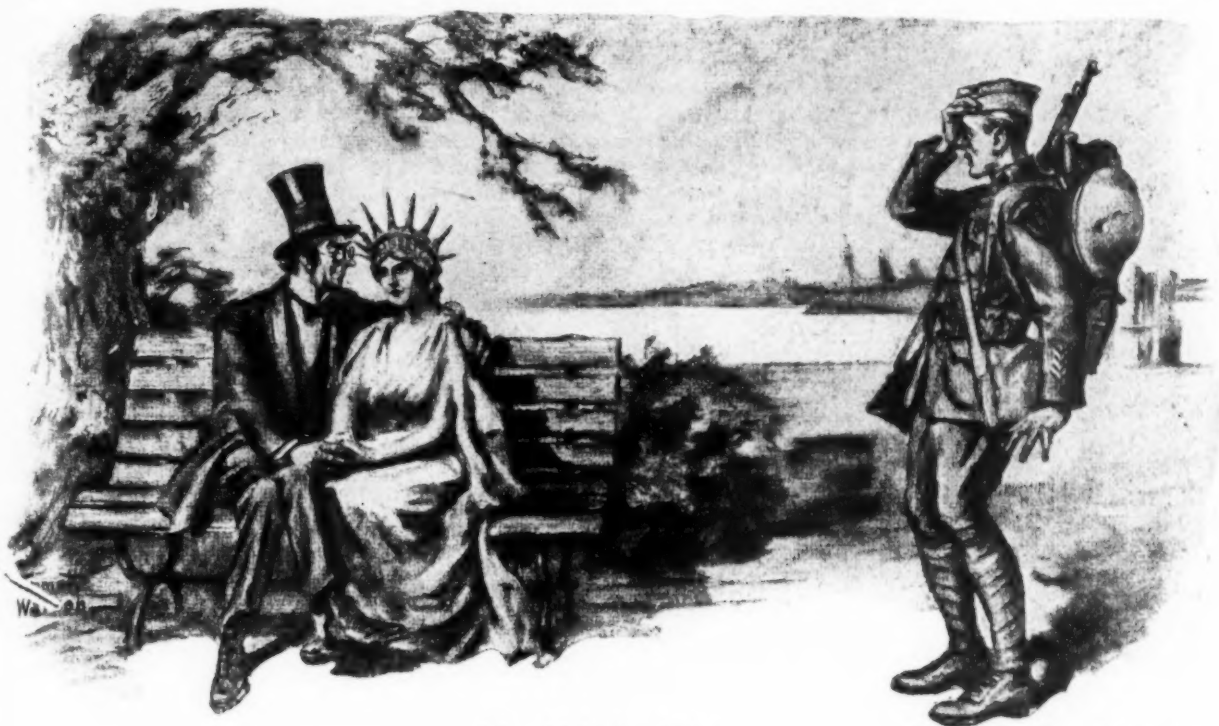
(Continued on Page 29)



The actress who had once been very young stood up as he came in.



# The Family Album



*The girl he fought for.*

*Reprinted from LIFE, July 3, 1919*



*When the members of the family are deciding which one you most closely resemble.*

*Reprinted from LIFE, Oct. 23, 1919*

## Life in Washington

HOOPER drew a ticket from the Senate when he failed to notice the "No Parker" sign in front of the Supreme Court. When the smoke cleared away, a vote of 39 to 41 marked the spot where the nomination had occurred and the country had witnessed the worst head-on collision between Senate and Executive since the Treaty of Versailles.

The Parker case cuts deep and goes hard. It serves official notice that the passengers are losing confidence in the man at the throttle. The rank and file who voted for Happy Days in 1928

are visibly losing faith in the Great White Father. The Tariff is a mess, denounced by 1,028 economists, and provoking tariff wars. It ought to be vetoed, but it won't be. Prosperity has gone sour. Presidential panaceas have not panned out. Joe Robinson and Franklin Roosevelt are hitting on all six with their public exhibition of the facts nobody knows at the White House: that the corner is not turned, that stocks are low and unemployment high, and that it takes more than wind-instruments to stop a cyclone.

The truth is gradually dawning that the Chief is as resilient as a box-car. He is now staking all on the Immacu-

late Amendment. The Supreme Court merrily outlawed everything from corks to recipes for making internal combustion. Its ironical phrase was "the law must be *liberally* construed." Bishop Cannon told of his high finance in beating the Al out of alcohol and Dr. McBride said that the Anti-Saloon League was "born of God." If this were true it would prove that the ways of God are strange.

Jersey dries plan to use the President's friend, Franklin Fort, to knife Dwight Morrow if the latter goes wet. Sub rosa, the White House is a little worried at the thought of Morrow as a possible Pretender in 1932 and we expect to see a quiet but determined effort to side-track the too-able Ambassador. The *Literary Digest* cloud-burst is passing and a few dry patches have appeared in the Bible Belt, where North Carolina, Oklahoma and Tennessee joined Kansas and Arkansas on the Ararat of aridity. The wets still run 2.3 to 1, which is sufficiently damp to extinguish the prairie fires; Congress has seen the light and is quietly sabotaging Hoover's law enforcement program, but the President still thinks he was chosen to dry up America at all costs. He'll learn different in six months.

Incidentally, the census is now more than a mess; it is a scandal. For some reason they're not trying any too hard to count noses in the cities. Reapportionment of Congressional districts comes this year and the balance of power is shifting from the rural boroughs which have been violating the Constitution for the last decade. At any rate, the census takers know where the dry voters live and aren't breaking their necks to enroll the fellows who voted for Al Smith.

—J. F.



TAXI-DRIVER: Nah then, 'urry up, Mrs. Noah!  
—Passing Show.

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## Bliss

The haughty peacock strutting there,  
Does not even know it's rare,  
I know you'll think my point absurd,  
But it's the habit of the bird.

The turtle may grow nice and fat,  
But has no special cause for that.  
He does not dream that mortals stoop  
To such low tricks as making soup.

The eagle may be strong and bold,  
And fly to heights both far and cold,  
But I am sure, though it seems funny,  
He does not know he's on our money.



NEW MAID (who has been told to address the guests correctly, ushering in admiral): This way, your flagship.  
—Everybody's.

MAGISTRATE: You were quietly minding your own business, and making no disturbance whatever, when an officer came and threatened to strike you if you did not accompany him to the police station?

PRISONER: Yes, your Honor.

MAGISTRATE: Seems very strange. What is your business?

PRISONER: I am a burglar, sir.

—Pearson's.

FRIEND: Well, I see in the evening paper that the doctors have discovered a new disease.

HOUSEHOLDER: For the love of Mike throw that paper away before my wife sees it!

—Answers.

"Would you rather give up wine or women?"

"That depends on the vintage."

—Ulrich, Berlin.

## The Critics Review "Faust"

*N. Y. Daily News*: "Girl Scorches as Witch Doctor Lover Goes to Hell."

*American Mercury*: "Another case of the exploitation of the working class by a capitalist."

*New Yorker*: "Nice play—quite mephisticated."

*Chicagoan*: "Quite mephisticated—nice play."

*LIFE*: "Another step in the decline of the American theatre."

*Punch Bowl*: "Hope they give us better seats this year."

—Penn. Punch Bowl.

A scientist says that the teeth of the gorilla are so deep that they cannot be pulled. But what dentist would have the nerve to say "Just a *leettle* bit wider" to a gorilla?

—Passing Show.

"When bees are scarce," says a gardening hint, "the expanded blossoms of fruit trees should be flicked with a rabbit's tail in order to distribute the pollen." The tail should of course be previously detached from the rabbit.

—Punch.

"A girl does not look attractive at six in the morning," says a critic. Of course not. That's generally her bedtime, and she's probably tired.

—London Opinion.



"Please, sir, do you want a stowaway?"

—Punch, by permission.



# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 31

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

## Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Ambassador*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Elmer Rice's prize-winning drama of life, love and death by violence in the slums of New York.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Forty-ninth Street*. \$3.85—Three travelers in an English inn help the landlord marry his daughter to the squire's son. Drinkwater's agreeable comedy.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Biogenesis made light of in a funny comedy of small-town life.
- ★STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A virgin, an opera tenor, a cop, a judge and some fetching rogues in a speakeasy deliver the most enjoyable comedy in town.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Ring Lardner's and George Kaufman's big laff riot built around the popular song writers and generously sprinkled with laughs.
- ★MENDEL, INC. *George M. Cohan*. \$3.00—The souls of Potash and Perlmutter go marching on.
- ★YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—A brace of rich young cubs come as close as possible to the Brink. Don't take your parents.
- ★MICHAEL AND MARY. *Charles Hopkins*. \$4.40—A. A. Milne's quiet, sentimental life-story of a devoted couple who get themselves into a dreadful mess.

- ★DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Death, in mufti, spends a week-end with a set of mortals. Philip Merivale's performance makes it what it is.
- ★THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—St. John Ervine's old-fashioned and most pleasant comedy of divorce, with Grace George and A. E. Matthews.
- ★TOPAZE. *Music Box*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Richly comic satire on the rise of a political grafter in France. Frank Morgan's excellent acting.
- ★THE LAST MILE. *Sam H. Harris*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mutiny in the death house. Perfectly acted and almost insupportably exciting melodrama.
- APRON STRINGS. *Forty-eighth Street*—A boy does what mamma told him to do about his love affairs. Slight stuff.
- ★THE GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield*. \$4.40—This beautiful, humorous and reverent retelling of the Southern dorky's notion of the Bible story has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the year.
- THE BLUE GHOST. *Forrest*—Childish spook nonsense.
- ★THE OLD RASCAL. *Bijou*. \$3.85—William Hodge writes a low-down, smutty farce for himself and snaps his fingers in the face of Providence.
- ★HOTEL UNIVERSE. *Martin Beck*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Incomprehensible introspective chatter by a set of expatriates in the Midi.
- ★UNCLE VANYA. *Cort*. \$3.85—Jed Harris' fine production of Chekhov's photograph of life in Russia. Superb cast, including Lillian Gish.
- ★VIRTUE'S BED. *Hudson*. \$2.50—Dull drama about a woman who is trying to live down a past.
- STEPPING SISTERS. *Royale*—How the new order of things upsets the life of three ex-burlesque queens. Not so hot.

- THE TRAITOR. *Little*—Stevenson's "The Pavilion on the Links" shamefully mistreated.
- ★LOST SHEEP. *Selwyn*. \$3.00—A clergyman and his family of girls move unawares into an ex-house of ill-fame. Far from as good as it sounds.
- ★ADA BEATS THE DRUM. *John Golden*. \$3.85—How much finer and nobler plain folks from America are than those artistic Europeans. Awful.
- THE VIKINGS. *New Yorker*—Blanche Yurka in a work of Ibsen's nonage.
- ★GOLD BRAID. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Doings in an army post in the Philippines.

## Musical

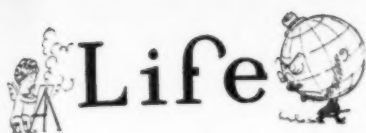
- ★EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-sixth Street*. \$6.60—Will Mahoney and a parcel of gals in Carroll's masterwork.
- ★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Lily Damita is staying on, after all, and Jack Donahue is better than ever. The only success with an "o" in the title since "Peg o' My Heart."
- ★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—American bar-flies buzzing Cole Porter's music around the Ritz bar in Paris.
- ★STRIKE UP THE BAND. *Times Square*. \$6.60—Clark and McCullough help make the world safe for American milk-chocolate in a war-to-end-war with Switzerland. George and Ira Gershwin's words and music.
- ★SIMPLE SIMON. *Ziegfeld*. \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Ed Wynn in a great big Ziegfeld show. What more do you want?
- ★THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Cheap and extravagant show with Frances Williams, Harry Richman and Jack Pearl.
- FLYING HIGH. *Apollo*—Good tunes and a good show, with the season's funniest comedian—Bert Lahr.
- ★THREE LITTLE GIRLS. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Some amusing costumes in a lavish show from the German mounted on a revolving stage.

## Movies

- THE DIVORCEE, THE KING OF JAZZ and THE DEVIL'S HOLIDAY—In this issue.
- ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—The best propaganda picture against war. Grim and splendid.
- THE SHIP FROM SHANGHAI—One of the worst.
- NEW ADVENTURES OF DR. FU MANCHU—Another, and probably the last of this "Boo!" series.
- FREE AND EASY—Buster Keaton gets over in talkies, and his dancing is surprisingly good.
- PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—One of the bigger and better wholesale displays of talent. Mitzi Green gives two remarkable imitations. Good fun.
- HOLD EVERYTHING—How to make a mess of a fine stage show. Joe Brown and Winnie Lightner deserve it for effort.
- YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Monta Bell's intelligent direction of a splendid cast in Fannie Hurst's story. See it.
- HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—For the Janet Gaynor-Charley Farrell fans. We used to be one before they started talking and singing.
- JOURNEY'S END—Faithful version of the stage play. One of the finest talkies to date.
- UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Frank Fay as a highly amusing Mexican Romeo with Armida. Myrna Loy, Raquel Torres and a good theme song.
- HELL'S HARBOR—Hell, no.
- LUMMOX—Winifred Westover's moving portrayal of a drudge's soul. Courageous direction by Herbert Brenon.







May 30, 1930

Vol. 95 Number 2432

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Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.60.

Ross: My wife has the worst memory in the world.

Moss: Forgets everything?

"No; she remembers everything."

—Answers.

A centenarian attributes his longevity to raw onions. But it must have been a lonely life. —London Opinion.

## LIFE Suggests

### —a subscription

Just write in your name and address, send it to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., with the necessary check and you will receive America's Humorous Weekly for a year.

(Name)

(Address)

641

## The Popular Chord

"I can't understand it," Richard Karver told me five years ago. "We've spent a million dollars in advertising. Our price is right. And Karver's Kitchen Kleaver is a tool that every housewife ought to own. Why don't it sell?"

"It's sales psychology," I explained. "You just haven't struck the right note, the popular chord. Sometimes it's a slogan, sometimes it's a picture, sometimes a joke'll do the work. Let's try a slogan contest."

We did. The thing ran a year and cost nearly a million dollars. It didn't sell two dozen Kleavers. I felt sorry for old Karver.

But he didn't give up. No sir. Not Karver.

"I'm gonna put this thing over," he said. "If I gotta do a nonstop flight over the South Pole in a bicycle."

That generated an idea. He hired a fleet of airplanes and had "Karver's Kitchen Kleaver" done in sky-writing all over the world. Another million shot. And still the things didn't sell.

But Karver didn't quit. The next year he spent a million in a billboard campaign. Another fizzle.

It was his last million. I wondered what the old bulldog would do then. He soon showed me. He borrowed another million and inflicted the Karver's Kleavers Hour on a long-suffering radio audience. But as far as selling any Kleavers went he might as well have buried it in Scotland.

That finished Karver, or at least I thought it did. Broken in health and a million in the hole financially, he shut up his office and prepared to end his days in poverty and disgrace.

And all because he couldn't strike the popular note in his advertising.

Poor Karver. If he could have lived till after he died his dream would have materialized.

In fact, it did. But it was too late for Karver to see. On the day of his burial every housewife in the country was rushing to the drug store to buy a Karver's Kitchen Kleaver. A million sold in one night. The thing became a household necessity in twenty-four hours.

The popular note had been struck at last.

Karver's wife had killed him with one of 'em. —Asia Kagowan.

## Answers to Anagrams

(on Page 21)

- |               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| (1) Tourist.  | (6) Wastrel.   |
| (2) Motors.   | (7) Deluge.    |
| (3) Chapters. | (8) Solvent.   |
| (4) Grippe.   | (9) Arrest.    |
| (5) Deceased. | (10) Quartets. |

## FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE WEAR A WATCH-CHAIN



THE right watch-chain is part and parcel of a man's personality. It adds a requisite note of smartness... it reflects, in a subtle manner, his own instructed taste. ... Make yours a Simmons Chain! Designed in the modern spirit, with fresh contours and cleanly fashioned lines, a Simmons Chain still costs very little. And it will do justice to your fine watch! The attractive Oxford model above, 54, was made especially for a leading American watch and is priced at \$8.25, alone. Your jeweler will be glad to show you his assortment of Simmons Chains... chains to guard your pocket-watch, knife, keys, or emblem! R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.

# SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says  
It's a Simmons

This Advertisement appeared in thirty-six metropolitan newspapers from coast to coast. This Page in LIFE is donated by LIFE for the repeal of prohibition.

**Something for the taxpayer to think about**

Last year individual tax-payers paid into the Federal Treasury \$882,727,114. The estimated cost of Prohibition enforcement and loss of revenue is \$936,000,000.

# Where does your Congressman stand on Prohibition?

**MAIL THE COUPON AND WE'LL HELP YOU FIND THE ANSWER**



**O**F COURSE some people are interested in keeping the bootleggers in business.

LIFE, the magazine, isn't; LIFE wants Temperance, under sensible law. People who differ with us, tell us patronizingly that because Prohibition has become a part of the Constitution, there is nothing to do but make the best of a bad bargain.

Do you subscribe to that?

Are you ready to admit that we must forever endure this farcical hypocrisy merely because we have a bad law on our statute books?

What utter nonsense!

Prohibition is doomed.

The Eighteenth Amendment can be repealed as soon as America makes up her mind to be rid of it.

There is enough public sentiment against Prohibition today to sweep it into the discard if only the millions who recognize its failure will band together in a great crusade.

Prohibition was not an overnight war time measure.

Patriotism was only the spring-board used by an astute minority that had for years been packing Congress and spending millions to gain its ends.

Washington is the neck of the bottle today.

Although a tremendous majority of the people want true Temperance, and are against Prohibition because it fails to give it, they are helpless until their protest becomes so loud that even the deafest ear can hear.

Where does your congressman stand on this vital question?

We will help you find out if you will fill out the coupon at the right hand corner of this page and mail it today.

Unless your representative at Washington is ready to come out flatly against Prohibition, let's replace him as soon as possible with a man who will.

Send the coupon now and let's find out where he stands.

**▶▶▶ WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE ◀◀◀**

**IMPORTANT!—MAIL THIS TODAY**

THE LIFE WAR CHEST  
60 E. 42nd St., New York City  
Dear LIFE: I favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Enclosed find . . . . . dollars, my contribution to the good work. While there's Life there's hope.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . .

Send \$1 (as much more as you like).

LIFE agrees to forward this coupon to your Congressman.

This advertisement is sponsored by Life Publishing Company, 60 E. 42nd St., New York.

Advertising like this is sorely needed to crystallize public opinion and bring the decisive action needed for repeal.

## LIFE needs your help

If you are sick of bootleg rule and hypocrisy, if you really want Temperance, if you want to see the end of this farcical law that is making us the laughing stock of the world, clip the coupon and mail it to LIFE today with your contribution.

Send one dollar at least, more if you can spare it. LIFE guarantees to spend every penny to buy more advertising as forceful as this.

P. S. And remember, LIFE will mail your coupon to your Congressman at Washington.

## Put your shoulder to the wheel

This advertisement was paid for by voluntary contributions from American citizens who want to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed.

This is page Number 2 of a series which is being published in the leading newspapers throughout the United States.

The first advertisement in the series appeared in the New York Times on March 12. It was paid for by LIFE and it started a mighty snowball of public protest which has rolled from coast to coast. Voluntary contributions from the first advertisement have been sufficient to date to carry its message into Chicago, Detroit, Boston, St. Louis; and donations are still pouring in.

Prohibition is doomed. The only question is: how long are we going to put up with an intolerable situation?

## Willingdrift

(Continued from Page 22)

and now it was his turn to shift the conversation because of an embarrassment so old that even a man of his *savoir faire* could not ignore it. He asked her about herself; what she had done since they had parted. Although he could have reeled off the name of every part she'd played and each theatre she'd played in during all those years.

But he didn't know the parts she'd played off stage. She told him, with an odd frankness, of the ups and downs of her career; of her two marriages since Freddie had been killed in the duel, and then with a still odder frankness of the complete failure of these marriages and of the affairs which succeeded them.

Willingdrift hated listening to that part of it. To him it was like going back to the clean white farmhouse of childhood memory and finding where it had stood a roaring factory belching dirty smoke. Then suddenly it occurred to him that if he had gone on and not buried himself in the conventional lives of the Smith family, all this wouldn't have seemed in the least outlandish to him. He felt better. Some of the illusion of her returned.

But he was glad when she finished and said, "What about you, John Willingdrift? Have you prospered? Are those your clothes or do they have to be back by twelve tomorrow?"

He smiled. "They're mine, Suzanne."

"You have prospered," she said. "And now tell me why you have taken fifteen years to come and see me? I never would have told on you, you know."

"Have you forgotten," said Willingdrift, "that you sent me away? Said you never wanted to see me again?"

"But why tonight?"

He grew suddenly tense, leaned forward and caught her hand, holding it so tight it hurt her.

"I've fought your memory for years, because I was afraid you'd send me away again, but tonight—you wouldn't understand, but my people—all away—house so full of memories. Got thinking back and I felt I had to come to you and tell you why—"

She put out her hand to stop him. She said, "Hush, John, let me speak."

As suddenly as he had cracked, he pulled himself together and sitting quite straight in his chair, waited. Presently she spoke.

"I have fought memories, too, John. You see—" She stopped, caught her breath and went on. "The day after I sent you away, I found out why you killed him."

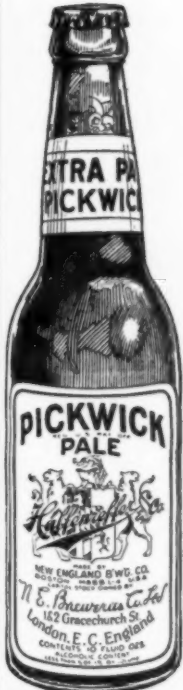
"Then you—forgive me?" He almost whispered it.

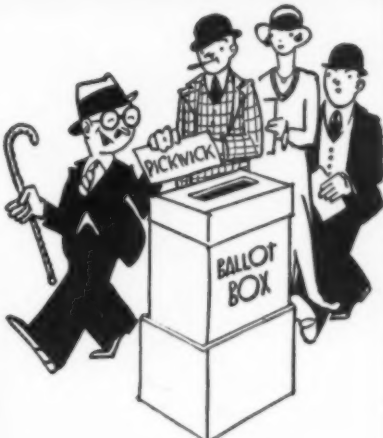
"If I were a general," she said. "I'd give you a medal and kiss you on both cheeks."

"Never mind about the medal," said Willingdrift.



"Milady's Bath!"





No need of a poll here  
... "Wets" and "Drys"  
alike have elected their  
favorite ...

**PICKWICK**  
**PALE and STOUT**  
The Tang Of Good Old Ale

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants  
Bottled only at the brewery of  
**Haffenreffer & Co., Boston, Mass.**



UNCLE JOHN: Well, Elsie, have you been a good girl today?  
ELSIE (after mature deliberation): Yes—and—no—





The Chairman—"Gentlemen, it's our last and only hope! We must tie a warning bell on every single Flit Gun in the country!"

—Advt.

Boss (to stenog): Are you doing anything Sunday evening?

STENOG (hopefully): No, not a thing. "Well then, try and get down here on time Monday, will you?"

—Lehigh Burr.

SOCIALIST: After all, what is the difference between the rich man and the poor man?

BYSTANDER: The rich man has acute laryngitis and the poor man has a cold.

—Penn. Punch Bowl.



**OVER 1000 ROOMS from \$250 up**

Nearest to everything worth while—in the heart of Chicago's Loop.

Five healthfully cool Restaurants—Coffee Shop—Garage.

Rooms \$2.50 up—Fixed Price Meals, 45¢ to \$1.50.

**Best Hotel Value in Chicago**

# Hotel LaSalle

La Salle at Madison Street  
**CHICAGO**

## TRAVEL in EUROPE

**59** years of service  
**59** foreign offices

**W I T H** INDEPENDENT Escorted Private Auto TOURS  
**Steamship TICKETS**

**DEAN & DAWSON, Ltd.**  
512 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

## Silver King

THE KING O' THEM ALL



**85¢**

### Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 37

I	M	P	U	L	S	E	T	H	A	T
T	U	R	R	E	T	T	H	E	R	
E	D	G	O	B	O	Y	V	A		
M	B	E	R	A	M	P	O	P		
B	A	S	K	E	T	B	A	L	L	
E	E	L	I	N	S	R	A	L	E	
D	E	M	A	N	D	L	A	Y	E	R
I						O	B	E	Y	S
T						R	E			



The basketball player obeys that impulse.

1st prize of \$50.00 won by  
F. D. Bradley,  
1318 N. Sonora Ave.,  
Glendale, Calif.

Explanation:—Phenomenal play leaves orator speechless.

2nd prize of \$25.00 won by  
A. B. Brodie, Jr.,  
22 Edgehill Road,  
Westmount, Montreal, Can.

Explanation:—Ed's motto is practice while they preach.

3rd prize of \$15.00 won by  
Elsie Nolan,  
2206 Stuart Avenue,  
Richmond, Va.

Explanation:—Unknown player makes big hit with public!

4th prize of \$10.00 won by  
Rilla A. Nelson,  
1800 Strathcoma Drive,  
Detroit, Mich.

Explanation:—Gentlemen! The goal is just a head.

### Results of Loser's Contest Number One

(In April 25 issue.)

1st Prize—\$0.25 won by Hilmar Van Stillo, San Francisco, Cal.

2nd Prize—\$0.50 won by H. Berman, Chelsea, Mass.

3rd Prize—\$0.75 won by Fred B. Mann, Evanston, Ill.

4th Prize—\$1.00 won by C. E. Guthrie, Pampa, Texas.

5th Prize—\$1.25 won by Elwood L. Hopkins, Providence, R. I.

6th Prize—\$1.50 won by M. Cohen, Camden, N. J.

7th Prize—\$1.75 won by J. W. Irwin, Richmond, Va.

8th Prize—\$2.00 won by W. J. Jones, New York City.

9th Prize—\$3.00 won by Marie Banasiak, Natrona, Pa.

10th Prize—\$4.00 won by M. Winer, Newark, N. J.

11th Prize—\$5.00 won by Mrs. E. W. Wilson, Jr., Montreal, Canada.

12th Prize—\$6.00 won by W. C. Abbott, Keene, N. H.

13th Prize—\$7.00 won by Mrs. W. B. Atwood, Pittsburgh, Pa.

14th Prize—\$8.00 won by H. C. Chamberlin, Riverside, Calif.

15th Prize—\$10.00 won by H. A. Norman, Chattanooga, Tenn.



When  
you throw  
a real party  
serve

**Apollinaris**

Your guests will at once  
see that you wish them to  
have only the best.

The Finest Sparkling Table Water  
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Relieves dandruff, and a few  
drops keeps hair neat  
all day. No shine.

**GLO-CO**  
LIQUID  
Hair-  
Dressing

The film producer was in a difficulty  
about the leading man for his new film.  
"What about So-and-so?" he asked.  
"He's too caustic," said the studio  
manager.

"Hang the expense," roared the pro-  
ducer. "Get him!" —*Tit-Bits.*



**1400 ROOMS**

**EACH WITH BATH AND SHOWER**

**\$3-5 For One \$4-7 For Two**

**NEW YORK'S NEW HOTEL**

**LINCOLN**

**EIGHTH AVE., 44th to 45th STS.**

**TIMES SQUARE**

**TELEPHONE LACKAWANNA 1400**

**A. W. BAYLITTS, Managing Director**

## Life in Society

### Tilden's Latest Protégée



This season "Big Bill" Tilden will pair off  
with little Miss Sandy ("Poker Face") Cohn  
who is pictured above, racing back for a deep  
lob and a cup of tea, on the courts of the  
Bloomfield Women's Club. Miss Cohn has  
adopted the popular tufted beret and, it will  
be noted, she is without stockings. Tilden  
(left centre) is walking off the court in a  
huff.

Though still in Europe, Mr. and  
Mrs. Robert W. Golay had their Sum-  
mer home on Naragansett Avenue  
opened night before last. The loss is  
covered by insurance.

Among the riders of the bridle trail  
at White Sulphur Springs yesterday  
was Miss Iva Stabler of New York,  
who is often on the bridle trail, but  
never a bride.

Countess Jacques de Marecharie des  
Garrett-Beret gave a luncheon yesterday  
at Pierre's for page 22, column 1, 4th  
item, New York Times for Wednesday.

The round table of the Larchmont  
Woman's Club will meet tomorrow.  
The speaker will be Miss Estelle Hal-  
loway, and the listeners will be half  
asleep.

Mrs. Thomas J. O'Leary of Sunny  
Bunk, Yonkers, will give the last of a  
series of luncheon bridges tomorrow  
afternoon. Otherwise Mrs. O'Leary  
would have to play solitaire.

—*Jack Cluett.*

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit,  
a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample Bitters by mail,  
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Since grandma had her hair bobbed  
she does not look like an old lady—in  
fact, she looks like an old man.

—*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

(31)

## LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit sole-  
ly in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York,  
LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you  
money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions  
indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS  
and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE  
Office at least seven days before date of per-  
formance. Check for exact amount must be  
attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return  
mail. This must be presented at the box-office  
on the evening of the performance.

• • •

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF  
THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS  
SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OF-  
FICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UN-  
TIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE  
NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

• • •

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked  
to name two alternative choices of shows with  
each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats  
for that performance is exhausted. Remit-  
tance will have to cover the cost of the highest  
priced seats requested. Any excess amount  
will be refunded.

• • •

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate se-  
lections for purchasers if they will indicate  
with order the type of show preferred and re-  
mit amount, to cover top prices. Any excess  
amount will be refunded.

• • •

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER  
THE TELEPHONE.

• • •

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS  
WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

### LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

60 East 42nd St., New York City

### Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats)

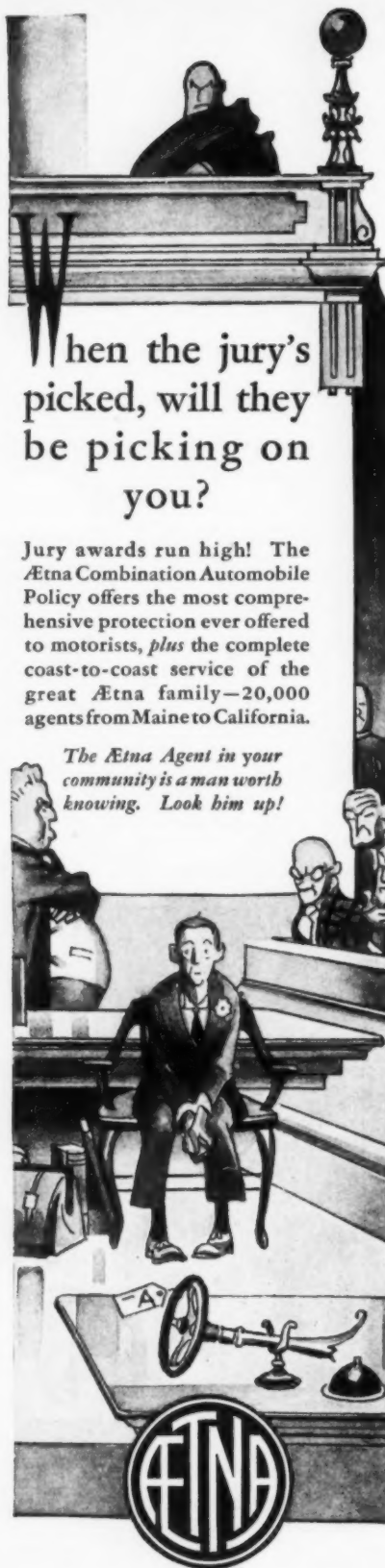
(Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed



When the jury's  
picked, will they  
be picking on  
you?

Jury awards run high! The Aetna Combination Automobile Policy offers the most comprehensive protection ever offered to motorists, *plus* the complete coast-to-coast service of the great Aetna family—20,000 agents from Maine to California.

*The Aetna Agent in your community is a man worth knowing. Look him up!*

The Aetna Life Group consists of the Aetna Life Insurance Company • The Aetna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut

**ÆTNA-IZE**

## LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 42

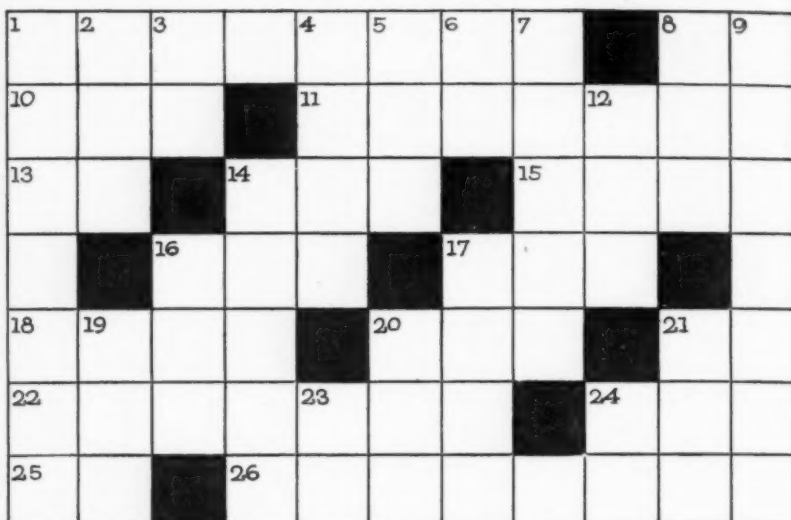
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly solved the puzzle. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, June 13. Winners will appear in the July 4 issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42 St., New York.



ACROSS

1. This type makes the best prohibitionist.
8. Note of the scale.
10. What the girl did that cost the boy money.
11. What trouble should be.
13. Picture of a flapper's brain.
14. This carries weight.
15. To injure.
16. Don't be like that.
17. Don't let this one stick you.
18. Forget it.
20. Ruth's favorite instrument.
21. Part of France.
22. Usually follows a cocktail.
24. Upsetting.
25. Point on a compass.
26. A worker.

DOWN

1. Common flowers.
2. An original American.
3. Man's best friend.
4. How to keep from being all wet.
5. A girl who refused to diet.
6. Behold.
7. The last word.
8. Hawaiian bouquet.
9. Old-fashioned sweetie.
12. Famous lion tamer. (abbr.)
14. A wise old bird.
16. Japanese statesman.
17. An unsophisticated salmon.
19. Very singular.
20. Honey maker.
21. Usually seen with "to".
23. Unit of power. (abbr.)
24. Personality plus.

THE PENTON PRESS CO., CLEVELAND

# The new **HI SPOT** in Golf

"STANDARDIZED BY U.S.G.A.  
PRODUCED BY WILSON"

From the impact of the first drive to the pleasing plunk as the last putt drops, this new 1.68 HOL-HI is golf's finest all-around performer ▼▼ dimple or mesh ▼▼ plain, or with Hi-Spots for identification and for easy detection in the rough. ▼▼ This new 1.68 HOL-HI sits up so your club-head can get at it ▼▼ takes the bad lies out of fairways ▼▼ takes the curse out of heel-prints. It gets up quickly for the long carry ▼▼ and hugs the groove from putter to cup. ▼▼ Play the HOL-HI this year. The new size is now legal for tournament play. In 1931 it will be obligatory. In the new size or old, for fast swinger or slow, the distance that's built in HOL-HI shows up on hole after hole.



## HOL-HI

*by*

# Wilson

**GOLF EQUIPMENT**  
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.

FOOTBALL. . . BASEBALL. . . BASKETBALL. . . TENNIS

20,679\* Physicians  
say "LUCKIES are  
less irritating"



"It's toasted"  
Your Throat Protection  
against irritation against cough

\*The figures quoted have been checked and certified to by LYBRAND, ROSS BROS. AND MONTGOMERY, Accountants and Auditors.